

# The Chapel Hill Ledger.

CHARLES B. AYCOCK, Editor.

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### HINTS FROM THE UNSEEN.

LUCY LARCOM.

The grace of the bending grasses, The flash of the dawn-like sky; The scent that lingers and passes When a lottering wind goes by— Are gushing and hints of sweetness From the unseen depths afar; The foam edge of heaven's completeness Swept outward through flower and star.

### The Minister's Mistake.

The sunset was painting all the forest paths with gold; the mossy boles of the old trees glowed in the level light, as if they had been carved out of glittering bronze, and the scarlet vines along the stone wall caught new splendor from the last rays, while the silvery-white fringe of the wild clematis swung from the dead thorn-bush, and here and there a bird, perched high up against the deep, vivid blue of the heavens, uttered its shrill, clear vesper note; and Mr. Caryl, walking home through the Westbrook woods, thought what a beautiful world this was that God had made.

Mr. Caryl was only four and twenty, and had been seen in the Westbrook parish for three months. Not long, but long enough to discern, by the testimony of his own experience, that there were thorns as well as roses in a country pastor's life.

It had seemed so beautiful and ideal, when he looked at it through the medium of his fancy, standing on the threshold of the Theological Seminary. It was beautiful still; but the ideal had all gone out of it.

His mother met him on the door-step of the parsonage—a brisk, spectacled little dame, in a turned black silk, with frills of neatly-darned lace, and violet ribbons in her cap.

"Well, Charles," she said, cheerily, "here's a whole stateful of calls for you." Mr. Caryl's countenance rather fell. He had been anticipating an evening by the wood-fire, with the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Calls?" he repeated. "What are they? and where are they?"

He went into the little parlor as he spoke—the parlor where the coveted wood-fire was leaping and flashed on the bright and iron, and a shaded lamp already burned on the table among his piled-up books and papers—and took up one little state.

"The Widow Corsets," he read; adding, *softly*: "That woman again! She has died once a week, regularly, ever since I have been in Westbrook."

"Charles!" mildly reproved his mother. "It's a fact," asserted the young clergyman. "I don't think people ought to confound hypochondria and religion in this blindfold sort of way. She'd a deal better send for the doctor and leave off scolding that wretched adopted daughter of hers. I won't go—that's settled. What next? Meet Deacon Daley and old Captain Hartwick at Flowersville Four Corners at half-past 9 to-morrow? Now I wonder why people can't agree about their own boundary lines without calling in the clergyman of the parish as umpire between them."

"Disensions in such a dreadful thing among your flock, Charles," said his mother.

"So is scarlet fever, or small-pox," said Mr. Caryl, rather curiously; "but all the same I don't see how I can be held responsible for either the one or the other. I send the manuscript of your last sermon to old Miss Daddled to read. But I haven't any manuscript to read—only half a dozen memoranda. I preached entirely extempore, last Sunday."

"Couldn't you just write it off from memory?" said Mrs. Caryl, piteously. "The poor old lady seems so anxious. She said the sermon impressed her so deeply."

"Really, mother, I think that's a little unreasonable," said the pastor. "Suppose every old lady in the parish were to require me to write out a twelve-page sermon for her special benefit! Give Miss Hitts a list of hymns for next Sunday. Yes, I'll do that—as well now as any time. Speak to Mrs. Prune's Sarah." Mrs. Prune's Sarah? Who is Mrs. Prune's Sarah. And what am I to speak to her about. I'd like to know?" demanded this young clergyman in a sort of mild desperation.

"Don't you know?" explained Mrs. Caryl. "It's Mrs. Prune that lives down by the steam saw-mill, in the big white house, with the poplar trees in front of it. And it's her stepdaughter, that's come home from the third situation, all on account of the ribbons in her hat, and her pride in her own pretty face."

"And I am to speak to her, eh?" said the young pastor.

"Yes; you are to speak to her," said his mother. "I shall do nothing of the sort," declared Mr. Caryl, with some emphasis.

"But you must, Charles!" pleaded the old lady. "It's in the line of your regular duty."

Mr. Caryl hesitated, and wrinkled his brow in sore perplexity.

"Do you think so?" said he. "I'm sure of it!" declared the old lady. Conscientiousness was one of the strong points of Mr. Caryl's character. He took up his hat.

"If it's got to be done," said he desperately, "the sooner the better!" "But you'll stop for your tea first, Charles?" urged Mrs. Caryl. "Hot corn bread and strawberry jam."

"I'll stop for nothing!" said Mr. Caryl. "Don't fret, little mother; it won't take me long to speak to Sarah."

called upon to practice this particular branch of his profession, pleading with the rebellious lambs of his flock who thought more of their bright eyes than they did of their hymn books; and he turned the matter over in his mind as he walked along the frosty woodland path, where the young moon cast a fitful evanescent light, and the dead leaves sent up a faint odor beneath his feet.

"Speak to Sarah," he muttered to himself, not without a certain perception of the ridiculous side of the matter: "And what am I to say to her, I wonder?"

He stepped softly at the big front door of the Prune mansion. A shutting, untidy girl of 14 or 15 opened it, hiding behind a shawl and a fringe of curl-papers.

"Is Mrs. Prune at home?" said he. "No, she ain't retorted the girl. Mr. Caryl paused. He scarcely knew what question to ask next.

"Is Sarah at home?" he demanded, after a little.

"Miss Sarah?" "Well, I suppose it can hardly be 'Mr.' Sarah," said the young clergyman, half "Yes, Miss Sarah of course."

"She's at home," said the girl, ungraciously, opening the door a little wider. "Come this afternoon. Settin' in the parlor. Walk in, please."

And without further ceremony, Mr. Caryl found himself ushered into a semi-dark apartment, where a tall, slender young beauty of 18 summers or so sat before the fire, in a plain black dress, with the simplest of cuffs and collars, and a single plain blue ribbon fastened into the thick braids of her hair—a person so entirely different from what he had expected to see, that he stopped short in some perplexity.

"I am Sarah Fielding," she responded. "I have called—to speak to you," said he, with a desperate rallying of his verbal forces. "Perhaps, Sarah, you may not know who I am?"

"No, I don't," said the girl, in some surprise.

"I am Mr. Caryl, the pastor of the parish."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," said the girl, putting out one slim hand, in the easiest possible manner.

The pastor smiled. This was not what he looked for at all.

"Of course—of course," said he. "But how does it happen, Sarah, that you are at home again so soon?"

"Do you mean at Westbrook?" "Where else should I mean?" retorted Mr. Caryl, crustily—for he felt that if he once abandoned his tone of authority he was lost. "Why didn't you stay where you were?"

Sarah colored up to the roots of the hair. He could perceive that, even in the uncertain rise and fall of the fire-light.

"I did not like the position," said she in a low voice.

"But you ought to like it," said Mr. Caryl.

"You are not aware of all the circumstances," pleaded Sarah.

"I am quite aware," said Mr. Caryl; severely, "that vanity is the root of all our evils."

"Vanity?" The crimson was deeper than ever now, on brow and temple, as she half rose.

"Yes, vanity!" impressively reiterated the clergyman, and hear me out. You have a certain amount of personal attraction, which appear to have turned your head. Remember that beauty is but skin deep. Call to mind frequently the ancient adage, that 'Handsome is that handsome does.'

After all, you are neither Mary Queen of Scots nor Cleopatra. Now, take my advice, Sarah—"

"But I have not asked for it," she cried out, in choked accents.

"No matter whether you have or not," said Mr. Caryl, calmly. "It is my mission to volunteer good counsel, and yours to receive it. I repeat, Sarah, take my advice, and go back to your place. Apologize humbly for your shortcomings; tell the woman of the house that you will strive to amend your conduct for the future, and endeavor to deserve her approval. Put away your silly ribbon bows and brooches!"

—with a stern glance at a poor little agate breast-pin that glistened at the girl's throat—and leave the vain accessories of dress to your betters, always remembering that the ornament of a meek and quiet-spirit—"

But just at this point the young clergyman's oration was abruptly checked by the entrance of Mrs. Prune herself, shawled and bonneted, and breathing fast, from the haste she had made. In one hand she held a prodigious brown cotton umbrella; with the other she dragged forward the untidy dangle of the shawl and curl-papers.

"Here she is!" bawled Mrs. Prune, who did not possess that most excellent thing in woman, "a low and gentle voice." "A crazy, good-for-nothing, stuck-up, vain minx, as needn't suppose as I'm going to do for her no longer! You needn't hang back, Sarah; it ain't no good! Here she is, Mr. Caryl—here's Sarah!"

"I have learned that you possess at least the virtue of frankness. Shall we not be friends?"

And Mr. Caryl looked into the dark blue eyes, and said:

He forgot all about the hot corn bread and strawberry-jam at home, and stayed to tea at Mrs. Prune's, while the right Sarah escaped the intended lecture, and the wrong Sarah presided, in a most graceful and winning manner, behind the cups and saucers; and old Mrs. Caryl laughed heartily when her son explained the curious re-contre to her, later in the evening.

"But why did she leave her situation—the wrong Sarah, I mean?" said she.

"Because the young heir of the house made love to her," said Mr. Caryl; "and I don't wonder at it. She's the prettiest little creature I ever saw in my life."

"Perhaps, then," said Mrs. Caryl doubtfully, "your advice wasn't so very much amiss, after all."

"Certainly it was," said Mr. Caryl, with spirit.

The old lady looked sharply at him. "Charles!" said she, "I do believe you're struck with her."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Caryl, turning red.

But, just three months later, when the moon was at the full, sleighing parties en regle, Mr. Caryl brought Miss Fielding home from singing-school in his new cutter and told her a secret on the way—that he loved her.

And so the wrong Sarah was the right Sarah, after all.

Not a Walkist.

The other morning a belle stepped into a Market street car in San Francisco, and was at once the object of the most profound attention on the part of all the other passengers.

"Make room for this lady," shouted the conductor, with unusual alacrity. "Move up there, gentlemen. 'Bout time you ast down for awhile, ain't it, miss?" he added.

"She's just put up go—ain't she?" said one man to another, admirably.

The young lady thought these city men were getting more impudent than ever, but then they had pretty good cause, after all, so she looked out of the window and said nothing.

"Don't looked so much pulled down as I expected," said another man, critically.

"Poor thing, I wonder if she had to do it?" said an old lady, compassionately, as she took out her spectacles, "and whether they paid her a big share of the money?"

"Don't suppose she'll get over it for a month," remarked a man on the platform; "the way it blisters and bunions them up is just awful."

"Madam," said one of the kind of young men who suck the heads of small canes for a living, "Madam, may I ask what your score was?"

"Sir," said the Oakland siren, frigidly, "are you addressing me?"

"Yes, ma'am—I—you are one of the female walkers, aren't you?"

"Do you wish to insult me, you brute! Is there no police officer around?" screamed the object of so much comment.

"Beg y'r parding, mem," put in the conductor. "It's all a mistake, mem; but you see y'r feet misled us."

And the young lady flounced out like a hurricane on its last lap. She will wear a trail over her number elevens after this, however.

Not You do Love me?

There are two long wooden piers at Cape May—they are about one hundred feet—and as they are provided with seals, refreshment stands and the like, they are the resort of hundreds in the evening. Much promenade and flirting is carried on there as well as along the plank walk running for more than a mile along the sand. Any one can scarcely escape hearing a deal of soft nonsense in that quarter, and none of the things that greet him are positively embarrassing. I was trying last summer to pass a couple ahead of me and before I could do so these phrases fell upon my ear:

"You really love me?" "Devotedly."

### NEWS IN BRIEF.

—It is estimated that the little pl loxera has destroyed about \$6,000 worth of vintage in France this year.

—Three hundred choice sheep have been taken from Washington county Pa., to Texas, to improve flocks in State.

—France had 21,092 vessels, with tonnage of 164,000 tons, and more by 82,481 sailors, engaged in theeries last year.

—It is thought that George W. FS, the famous base-ball player, will play next year, but will go into ANDness.

—Out of every 2,000 persons there is one born deaf. There are in the United States between 25,000 and 30,000 deaf mutes.

—Philadelphia has already expended \$4,165,370.42 on her new Post-office building, of which amount \$1,250,000 was for the site.

—Thomas Jackson, an Albany, N. Y., stone cutter, has just recovered \$20,000 for injuries received in the Ashtabula disaster.

—Sarah Hardy, a colored woman, who had reached the age of 104 years, died recently, in the Berks county, Pa. almshouse.

—There have died of Yellow fever at Memphis this year 404 persons. Last year, 3,067 persons died of the disease during the same time.

—Within the past five years the acreage of cereals in the United States has increased from 74,000,000 to 95,000,000.

—President Robinson, of Brown University, and his wife, have signed a petition to allow women to vote for officers of Providence school boards.

—Delaware county (Pa.) School Directors have decided that the public school children shall make exhibits of their progress at the next annual fair.

—There has been imported into New York by sea from California since the beginning of this year 1,156,712 gallons of wine and 114,717 gallons of brandy.

—Prof. Alexander Agassiz of Harvard College has given one hundred dollars toward canceling the debt of the Redwood Library at Newport, R. I.

—The model of the equestrian statue of Napoleon III, a grand work by the Chevalier Barzaglia, to be erected at Milan, will shortly be cast in bronze.

—Mr. Dwight Whiting, a citizen of Boston, has gone to South Africa to purchase one hundred ostriches for his farm in the San Joaquin Valley in California.

—Recent income-tax returns show that ninety persons in Great Britain, exercising trades and professions, have incomes over \$250,000, and 994 between \$50,000 and \$250,000.

—Illinois is a tolerably well cultivated State, but with 20,000,000 acres under cultivation, it has 8,000,000 acres unimproved, an area as large as Massachusetts and Connecticut put together.

—Montana, during the past sixteen years, has produced 153,000,000 of gold and silver. This makes Montana rank next to California as a producer of gold. There are already 20,000 quartz mines in the territory.

—Dr. J. J. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, at a recent meeting of the American Geographical Society, said that he was thoroughly convinced the Jeannette would reach the North Pole successfully and return in safety.

—One hundred and seventy-eight bags of wool, each averaging 600 pounds, were received in Reading, Pa., recently to be used in the manufacture of hats. This is the largest amount of wool ever received in that city in one day.

—The artesian well at the Paterson (N. J.) Rolling Mill has reached a depth of more than 1,000 feet without meeting water. Sandstone has been found all the way down, except one bed of potter's clay.

—The amount of clover-seed annually harvested in the United States is not far from 700,000 bushels, about one-half of which is used at home, the remainder goes to Europe, mostly to Great Britain.

—Diphtheria has become a terrible epidemic in Russia, 50 to 75 per cent. of the children being carried off, besides a large number of grown persons, and in some districts the death of children are far in excess of the births.

—An old custom has been revived in Adams county, Pa., of demanding toll from wedding parties. Ropes or chains are stretched across a road traveled by a wedding party in carriages and toll in money is asked from the groom.

—In 1639 the royal library of Paris contained 800,000 volumes and objects of every description. In 1859 the number was 1,200,000. During the last twenty years the increase has been more sensible, and the actual number is estimated at 2,000,000.

—The Lebanon county (Pa.) Agricultural Society having abandoned the fair grounds at Avon, have purchased twenty-five acres of the Karmany farm in South Lebanon for \$5,000. Three hundred shares of stock have been issued at \$30 per share, to raise the sum of \$15,000 for fences and building.

—A giant white oak tree, beneath which the last treaty with the Cherokee Indians was signed, by which they gave up their lands and moved west of the Mississippi, still stands near Oglethorpe, Ga., and is a conspicuous landmark. It is known as the "Treaty Oak," and has been preserved on account of its associations.

—At Swarthmore, Pa., the Friends' historical library in the college building has lately received a gift of one hundred volumes relating exclusively to the history of the Society of Friends. The gift was made by an English Friend in commemoration of his visit to this country during the Centennial.